

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, November 15th, 1890.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

Charles L. Moore
Editor

Some Pious People the Worst Enemies to Prohibition.

In this section where there are not many Prohibition papers, I think an effort is made to lessen my influence by making it appear that I am an exception to the general rule of Prohibition editors, in that I say so much against religionists who are against Prohibition.

I think my complaint is common among Prohibition editors.

It's the pious man that gets us down. Prohibition is not afraid of saloon men, nor editors, nor of one kind of politicians. But there is another kind of politician that I must confess gets away with us.

The saloon man, the distiller and brewer, and the Republican and Democratic papers who back them, do not give us any trouble; and the regular liquor papers that are edited in that interest we hardly regard as worthy of attention. All of that gang we can clean out in the conflict of brains against brains, just like the Germans did up the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Then a politician like Senator Jo. Blackburn does not cause much uneasiness to the Prohibition managers. All we have to do for that class is to give them rope and they will hang themselves. Really the Prohibition party of Kentucky could just as well afford to give up George Bain as Jo. Blackburn. There's one little tale they tell about Senator Blackburn that makes as many Prohibitionists as one of Bain's best lectures.

The story represents Senator Blackburn as being away out West among the Indians. The Senator has only a quart left of the daily rations of Kentucky whisky with which he is in the habit of starting out on the business of each day. The Indian finds out the Senator has the whisky and offers him his gun for it. But Senator "Jo," as they all familiarly call him, will not even consider the proposition. Then the Indian offers the Senator his horse for the whisky, but it's no go; and then the Indian offers his farm for the whisky, and the Senator tells him that he has only the one quart and that he is ten miles from his supplies, and that he would not under those peculiar circumstances give that quart of whisky for the whole Indian Territory.

At this point it is supposed that one solid guffaw will rend the air from the throat of every saloon man, distiller, brewer, ward politician and Democratic editor all over the United States, and that "Jo's" return to the Senate is made all hunky for another term.

This Indian joke has gotten into this stereotyped matter that Lexington papers buy at 75 cents a yard and print in papers at \$9.00 a year. It takes about two and a half inches to tell this story about "Jo" and the Indian, and whenever a Kentucky Democratic paper's foreman, in making up the forms, for the paper, wants something to "fill out," that will occupy about two inches and a half, he looks around with no more discrimination as to the material of his paper than a mason would use in the selection of a brick from a pile of uniform quality, and "Jo's" Indian and whisky story is just as hable to go in as a sample brick of Democratic wit as anything else of about that length that may be lying around.

It does not make any difference if right next to "Jo's" joke there is an account of how his friend Judge Marshall Buford has fled a drunken maniac through the city at midnight, and trembling with horror and bleeding from wounds has been captured and sent to an insane asylum; the same paper in an adjoining column may tell of how a well reared young man in a fit of drunkenness walks up behind our good citizen Mr. Wilson, and for no reason on earth except he was drunk, drives a knife to its hilt into Mr. Wilson's bosom, or tells of how drunken men at Fallmouth, in Kentucky, with shot guns scatter the brains of a noble officer over the lintel of his own door, or how a drunken gang run a Kentucky Judge off the bench, and shoot at him as he swims a river, or how a "moonshiner" shoots United States Marshal Rogers in the back, through his

window at night, while for months thousands of Kentuckians inquire anxiously every day if he is living, and reporters go to see and tell about him, and tell how his aged mother traveled through rain and storm on horseback over mountains, and staid by him and watched and worked day and night, until with labor and exhaustion broke, and she died, and they buried her while tears welled up from the heart and streamed from the eyes of nearly every faithful old mother in Kentucky.

The hilarity from "Jo's" Indian and whisky tale is supposed by every Democratic editor in the State to mingle most harmoniously with those tears, and the whisky blotted Democratic ward politician whose breath stinks with whisky and tobacco, and the nasty tales that he tells is supposed to split his sides over "Jo's" ineffable humor.

The country Democratic physician, who talks at cross roads, and who from being with families where affliction naturally followed in the wake of his ministrations, and who has thus gotten to the hearts of the people, not second to the family minister, though the horse laugh of the town humorist is not required of him, is at least expected to smile when he tells of how funny a man "Jo" is.

Then when "Jo" catches a little United States Senator by the ear and jerks him around, there is not a paper in Kentucky, Democratic or Republican that would dare to inquire if the redoubtable "Jo" would probably have done this had the offending party been John Morissey, the New York slinger Congressman, instead of a little defenceless Senator, who may reasonably have feared to resist a man from a State whose distinction was whisky and pistols, and where the crime of using the latter was extenuated by the crime of using the former, on the principle, "similia similibus curantur."

Then when "Jo" undertakes to bulldoze a fellow out West where they know something about pistols as well as they do in Kentucky, and the fellow, to "Jo's" surprise, is ready for a fight and wants to meet "our Jo" out on the duelling field, and every Democrat in the State that has been whooping "Jo" up is looking for a duel, the gory details of which the newspaper reporters are already outlining in their minds, there comes the mortifying intelligence that follows all the duelling fiascos of these degenerate days, that "friends have interfered," and the *amende honorable* has been served up *a la mode*, and the fat is in the fire, the dog is dead, the jig is up, the fun is all spoiled, and the "quiver" of expectancy lapses into disappointed lassitude.

Think of the familiarity that among high-toned people breeds contempt, when every bumper and saloon keeper and rural rooster of a Democratic editor habitually speaks of a United States Senator, who is going down the hill of life, as "Jo."

Think of the contemporaries and personal friends of Webster, and Calhoun, and John Randolph, and Alexander Hamilton calling them "Dan," and "Jack," and "Smart Aleck."

As I said in the beginning, Senator Blackburn's case is not one that gives the Prohibitionists any trouble.

If you give a man a little arsenic, it will kill him, but if you give him a teaspoonful he may vomit it up and it may not hurt him.

Senator Blackburn's gross views of the whisky question and of the Kentucky code, is a whole table-spoonful of political arsenic, and it goes down and comes up again with but little more nausea than a man would feel who had swallowed that much musty corn meal.

But the fellow that keeps us Prohibitionists out is that sweet scented geranium yelet "Silver Tongue" by a sort of Hiawatha nomenclature. He gets away with me, and I don't know how to come back at him. O, dear no, he would not drink whisky for any thing. His great noble generous Christian soul would have given that Indian the quart of whisky and a Sunday School tract besides and would have promised him a whole original package of whisky if the Indian would agree to help the neighbor. "Silver Tongue's" cousin Clifton out of that Clayton racket in Arkansas, and he would have sent that original package just as sure as he could have sent it.

You see a noble generosity like that of "Silver Tongue" stands in striking contrast with that of "Jo" that would not give "poor Jo" even a drink of whisky. It's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue." Such men, like Banquo's old chestnut ghost, will not "down at the bidding" of ye Prohibition crank, and if they do down him for a while, they find that "it's hard to keep a good man down," as the whale said when he found that Jonah would not lie on his stomach and he had to wade ashore and "cast" him up.

"Silver Tongue" goes to Washington and gets in his work for whisky by his vote for the "original package bill," but when he comes home you don't hear the newspapers saying anything about his going to the races and getting turned over in a buggy as he goes home, by running against a blasted rock that was dissipating a little and had gotten itself off the side of the road into the middle of the turn-pike.

No, "Silver Tongue" doesn't go to the races, doesn't say "dam," either in horse talk or profanity, doesn't chew tobacco, smoke a pipe, tell nasty stories or commit any of the conventional peccadilloes of the Kentucky regulation politician.

But with a mellifluous cadence he would talk as sweetly as if he were yet in the pulpit, and will "roar" you as gently as sucking "dove" in words that exhale a holy perfume on the circumambient air, as they fall like petals from the last rose of summer.

If somebody will manage that political Adonis, that mandarin angel from whose shoulders the wings are sprouting for the realm of harps and palms, this champion of whisky and Sunday School's the Bluegrass Blade and I will try and set up with "Jo" and all the Lexington editors and beer jokers just by our two lone selves.

But "Silver Tongue" is too much for me.

Now I am going to say the ugliest thing that I ever said in any newspaper or anywhere else, and people who want to stop their papers on account of it are requested to send in their cards all at once, and let me get through the job of taking their names off my list.

I never swore an oath in my life, but last summer a blasted old stray cow got into my hay field and I tried to drive her out. "The hay was the thickest I ever saw grow on the ground, and to run through it was as hard as running through a snow drift four feet deep. But instead of being cold it was hot as the dickens, and the sweat rolled off me like shot off a shovel. I ran the damned old cow for a mile and a half through that standing timothy, and when I finally broke down she was at the furthest corner of the field from the only gate into it, and the field was inclosed by a new wire and picket fence and a strong, new plank fence.

That old stray cow had knocked down fourteen dollars worth of hay and was still tramping around in it where you could not see much of her but her horns sticking up. I was so mad I didn't know what to do, and I came so near swearing, if I did not do it, that I went to the house and confessed to my wife, and let the old cow tramp down about four dollars' worth more.

But I'll tell you what I have concluded: When I do swear my first oath I am not going to waste it upon the desert air of a pachydermatous stray cow. I am going to swear one that the natives will recollect, like they do "Uncle Toby's" oath in "Tristram Shandy."

I am going to wait until I get an appreciative audience, and I am going to raise my hand toward high heaven, and say, —

...
A Stockholder of The Blade Refuses to Pay His Subscription.

Nov. 8th, 1890.
Mr. C. C. Moore,

Dear Sir—I have this morning received your second circular letter requesting that I remit ten dollars to you in lieu of my subscription to the incorporated company originally proposed for the publication of The Blue Grass Blade.

I do not consider myself in any way bound to you for this sum, and beg to say without unkindness to you, that I disapprove of your conduct of the paper. I must therefore

decline to support your paper in the manner you ask.

Very Respectfully Yours,
J. D. HUNT.

Judge Hunt is the third gentleman who has refused to pay his stock subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

The first one a banker, Mr. William Sayre, declined to do it on the ground that he had signed his name, and written the figure 1, the latter under the heading "Number of shares," not knowing what he was doing.

The second, Dr. Oxford declined to pay because he said that in my plan his stock could not be represented.

Judge Hunt says he declines to pay because he does not "consider himself in any way bound."

Of course I would not now have Judge Hunt's money, but I must show why I consider that he has treated me with great injustice, in order that those whom it may concern may understand the radical change in my estimate of him.

So far as any personal kindness to him is concerned, I shall be as ready to extend that, should an occasion offer, as I ever have been, but an indiscriminate exhibition of regard for those who do right and for those who do wrong is neither good morals nor justice to my friends; whom I claim as my friends because they are just and generous.

I do not think that the case of Judge Hunt is either of these.

He plainly says that the ground upon which he declines to pay his subscription to the stock of the Blade is that he disapproves of the conduct of the paper.

As the plainly printed contract that he signed did not commit the paper to any line of conduct, he has no ground to claim a release from his obligation to pay his stock subscription because of any line of conduct that the paper may have adopted.

Common business intelligence should have suggested to Judge Hunt that he had no right to set up such a plea. As Dr. Chinn suggested, in his letter to the Gazette, here were over a hundred gentlemen who represented interests as antipodal as preaching the gospel and conducting a State university on the one hand, and running race horses and selling whisky on the other.

These gentlemen were white and black, were Prohibitionists, Democrats and Republicans. They were most enthusiastic Christians, and enthusiastic infidels of different shades.

Why Judge Hunt under these circumstances should have picked himself out of all these gentlemen any of whom are his peers, as being pre-eminently the man whose views of propriety were to be consulted in the editing of the paper, can only be accounted for on the supposition that he has made a mistake, or that he attaches to himself an importance entirely inconsistent with his conceded modesty.

Before the issuance of the first number of the BLADE, as a business transaction I would not have discounted Judge Hunt's financial obligation to me at one per cent. without recourse.

After the issuance of the first number and the meeting of the stockholders in the Court House, Judge Hunt's obligation to pay his stock was, if possible intensified by the ratification of that meeting. The animus of the meeting was, that they felt the moral and business obligation to pay me as per agreement, but that they had a right to release themselves from any moral responsibility for the tone of the paper. The evident justice of this position I publicly recognized, and the meeting ended with that understanding without a demurrer from Judge Hunt.

A number of the parties present paid me their subscription at the time, others of those present have since paid me, none have declined to pay me, and I believe all will pay me except Judge Hunt.

I do not want to appear as possibly making an *ex parte* statement of this case, acknowledge my great liability to error, and sincerely ask, in justice to Judge Hunt, if any other stockholder, who was present at that meeting, thinks Judge Hunt is right in his view, and I am wrong, that he will so state in a communication to THE BLADE, that will be published without reply by me, however discreditable to me it may be.

I will not, however, pay any attention to any defence of Judge Hunt, that may appear in any other paper.

If Judge Hunt claims release from his obligation on the ground

that the meeting was informal and without parliamentary organization, then Judge Hunt pleads an advantage of his own *bona fide*, he having been most earnestly requested by the whole house, including myself, to act as chairman on the occasion.

In addition to this, as a means of granting release from this stock subscription to such as wished to be released, I published in a conspicuous place my willingness then to release them, with a request that all who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to be released should then so notify me, as I should determine my business of publishing the paper in accordance with their replies, or, I think, words to that effect, which could readily be gathered from the general tenor of the whole paper. The paper has gone regularly to Judge Hunt, and that he has read it is admitted in his statement that he disapproves of its tone.

Neither Judge Hunt nor any other availed themselves of my offered release, and after allowing all abundant time to do so, I, in good faith, made business arrangements, based upon the tacitly admitted obligation to pay me, as agreed upon, and having, as I thought, abundant right to rely upon their honor as gentlemen and their integrity as business men. I, under this conviction, assumed financial responsibilities as I would not otherwise have done.

That Judge Hunt was willing for me to proceed under the business assumption alluded to is recognized by him in the fact that he did not allege any misapprehension on my part on his receiving my first notification of his alleged indebtedness to me.

To the accuracy of my statement as being such, to the best of my knowledge, I am willing to be qualified. I have no thought of any purpose to attempt to collect Judge Hunt's subscription by law, but though he has been a Circuit Judge, and I never stood as an attorney before a bar, I believe I could go into court as my own attorney, before a jury of Fayette County gentlemen who had been legally impeached, and compel Judge Hunt to pay me.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Both Should Unite in Supporting the Prohibition Party Candidates.

Dr. M. E. Daubman, in a very excellent sermon, delivered recently in City and reported by The Daily Press, says:

"Any day when labor rises in its might at the ballot box, the policy of power, the course of legislation and the disposition of capital will be in its hands; and so, when labor is weary of oppression at the hands of capital in this country, it can redress its own wrongs by the legitimate means in its possession."

Labor is oppressed by capital in various ways, aside from the inadequate pay for the work done. Great corporations water their stock, give to shares of stock fictitious values, and add to the cost of manufacture or transportation sufficient to make a large percentage of dividends on their watered stock; and the laboring classes, who are the chief consumers, have to pay it. This is simply legalized robbery, and all watering of stocks ought to be prohibited. By the side of this stands exemption of capital in government bonds from taxation.

A Vanderbilt with \$50,000,000 has no taxable personal property, while a poor laboring man, struggling, economizing to get a little home in which to shelter his family, must pay on the last farthing of his possessions. True, these bonds were exempted from taxation as an inducement to have them taken when the country was fighting for its national life, and that may have been well at the time; but the war is a quarter of a century past; those bonds are at a premium; why continue this exemption from taxation in the new issue? Let the workingman with a ballot in his hand answer the question.

How are workmen to obtain relief through the ballot? The leading parties in our country are run by money contributed mainly by capitalists. In view of this fact a single Vanderbilt or Carnegie has more weight in their plans than a hundred thousand workmen. And it cannot be otherwise so long as these parties require millions of dollars at every important election with which to buy "floats." Money to these parties is as right hands, and their left hands are the saloons. The essential difference between them is in being run by different sets of politicians. How can workmen hope to obtain permanent relief as long as parties run by whisky and money are kept in power? Who will answer—Central New York News.

GROGGER AND SALOONIST.

One of our contemporaries is struggling with the question why some men cheerfully pay five cents for a glass of whisky, but regard five cents as an outrageous price for a newspaper, which, published at great expense and labor, gives him the history of the world for a day. It really seems as if the willingness to pay is in inverse proportion to the usefulness and permanence of the article obtained. The liquor seller not only gets high prices without grumbling, but he is paid in cash, while the grocer, the baker and tailor are beaten down to the last cent, and have to wait long and sometimes in vain for their pay.—Toronto Globe.

We want YOU to know that
TAYLOR & HAWKINS,
No. 7 West Main St.
is the best place to buy
Fancy Dry Goods and Notions
Read the following quotations:

Perfect fitting Jackets, new styles, from \$3.50 to \$8.00
Black Embroidered Fichus from \$2.50 to \$10.00
Cashmere Shawls, in Black, White and Colors.

Blankets and Comforts, the best stock we have ever shown, and at prices that will surprise you.
Ribbons, Laces and Embroideries, the most complete and carefully selected stock in the city.

Underwear, a large stock of medium and heavy weights in Ladies, Gents and Childrens sizes.

Everything in our line at the lowest possible price, considering quality. We sell you 3 spools Clark's O. N. T. Cotton for 10 cents 2 spools Belding's Sewing Silk, for 15 cents. Twist 2 cents, Tape 3 for 5 cents. Come and see our bargains. Don't forget the place.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS,
THOMPSON & BOYD,
Manufacturers of
FINE SADDLES & HARNESS,
RACE AND TROTTER EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.
No. 53 EAST MAIN STREET,
LEXINGTON, KY.



COMING THROUGH THE RYE!
This is a living illustration of the advisability—when you can't do any better—of "coming through the rye" for a suit to replace the one stolen while you are bathing. It is a positive blessing to lose a suit when you can substitute for it a much better one for \$15.00 at the

One Price Clothing House,
M. KAUFMAN & CO.,
54 East Main Street. LEXINGTON, KY.

C. A. JOHNS,
New Post Office Drug Store
COR. MAIN and WALNUT STS., LEX. KY.

ESTABLISHED 1820.
E. D. SAYRE. J. W. SAYRE. E. D. SAYRE, JR.
D. A. SAYRE & Co.,
BANKERS.
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.
A General Banking Business Transacted. Special Attention given to Collections and all Correspondence.

Nancy.
(Nicholasville Democrat.)
Oh Nancy Hanks, get out of that,
I love you like a brother,
To Nancy Hanks goes off my hat,
I love you like none other.
Oh Nancy you're the Queen of Speed,
The gods on you bestow it,
At the next race let all men read,
And all the Nations know it.
Oh nag of fleetness, filled with grit,
Eclipse O'Shanter's Meg,
And jocks in unison exclaim,
"The best that's lifted leg."

Kalidescopic or Moore'n he can Chaw.
(From Nicholasville Democrat.)

He calls his Blade the Blue,
He fights the liquor red,
He went for a cottage pink,
And how the blackguards bled.
Some hypocrites turned pale,
Though robed in garments white,
The press with envy green,
Now vomit black as night.
On cadaver superstition
He means to wage a fight—
Reform all giddy girls
In Yellow Silks to-night.
He sets firm to his task,
A crank inspired, too,
But his sympathy in color
Is Moore'n he can Chaw.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry in the Southern Journal of Sept. 13.

THE SALOONIST SINGING.
"Oh! how I love Jesus."

We attended church a few days ago, and saw a 250 pound saloon keeper dressed in faultless store clothes, sporting a diamond pin which looked like a juvenile electric light, sitting in the choir holding an open hymn book. To our right sat a gray haired man, bowed with age and grief, whose son had taken his own life in a saloon. To our left sat a sad faced woman who had had one son killed in a drunken brawl, another to die of delirium tremens, and still has one who is the evil nemesis of her declining days, for through the influence of the saloon he racks her life with anguish and terror. All around me were men whose lives and fortunes were blighted by whisky, widows with fatherless children who are struggling with this unjust cold world for a support, because the saloon has robbed them and put their natural protectors in drunkards graves. And yet with these object lessons in the sanctuary a saloon keeper is allowed to rise in the church and sing "Oh! how I love Jesus."

If the saloon keeper has to be called in to help "enlarge the borders of Zion" we believe we will stay outside, and until the Church can offer something that has a semblance to the Christianity preached by the lowly Nazarine we want none of it. Church people have no right to ask where we get our theology from. We have no doubt that the very churches that tolerate whisky dealers and smile on them, have their eyes fixed on some poor heathen in Africa, while they meet on the way to church twenty heathen these men have made. We suppose it is only the idea of a crank, but it does seem that duty prompted by religion would tell us to labor in our own vineyard to keep our heathen crop down to the lowest possible state. What good sense is there going off to foreign pastures to cut down the thorns and briars when our own "woods are full of them." If a Bramble bush is set at the door of the temple to catch the poor innocent lambs, how can they reach the altar?

"All men are created free and equal." There is not a shadow of a doubt about that. No one questions in this day that all men are free and some equal to most anything, but where is the nice little maxim in regard to the equality of women? Religion and politics only recognize them in the capacity of subs, when debt lifting, church cleaning, and tax paying are on the tapis. Under our present regime it rather looks like both Christianity and Democracy are dismal failures, but we are not of that opinion since neither one has been tried. In the debate in the United States Senate on the admission of Wyoming, Senator Morgan took the ground that the ballot had an immoral influence, therefore, it should not be granted to women. Is that what is the matter with so many of the masculine gender? If so let us work and pray to have it taken away from them speedily! That a general reform will invade the masculine realm. How this woman suffrage question is distressing the moss backs. They are as much behind the times as the man that voted for Gen. Jackson in the last election.

The above is from a long article of this gifted and enthusiastic woman, all of which is just as good as this.

This woman writes me a letter on a sheet, upon which is printed a text from the New Testament and tells me that the "Rational View" lies as a hand-book upon her reading table, and that she wanted to lend her eighty-five pounds to turn the grind-stone for THE BLADE.

You see, she has the same complaint to make of these religious people that I do.

I used to preach for the Church at Versailles and she was one of my parishioners, and I could add a touching story to the instances of whisky ruin that she tells of.

You Christian people can see that in a case like this, where a woman has brains and strong moral convictions, your inconsistencies are such that the cords with which you would bind her to the church are scarcely stronger than cobwebs.

Think of compelling a woman like that to stand beside a 250 pound demijohn, all but the willow, and join with him in singing "Oh, how I love Jesus!"

You keep that kind of people in your churches because they help to pay the preacher, and I tell you it will not be long before Rationalism will knock you out.

Let me show you Versailles people the difference between that Christian Prohibition woman and you Christian Democrats.

I used to preach for you Versailles people, and when things got cloudy in my understanding of the Bible, and I told you all so, and got down out of the pulpit and went to plowing in a seventy-acre field that stretches out before the window at which I now write, I believe there was hardly a man, woman or child, black or white, in Versailles that was not sorry for it. You all said I was honest and conscientious, and during the quarter of a century that has flown since then, during which I have lived under the ban of religion, you have never heard an intimation of anything I have said or done that was unworthy the character of a Christian.

You have seen me engaged with my paper in trying to overthrow the evil that has drawn the trail of the serpent over your town, and has caused your young men to suicide and murder, and brought sorrow upon heads grown gray since I lived with you.

You say now, just as you did then, that I am honest and conscientious, and that my work is a grand and good one.

The only money that I ever took for any preaching was what I asked you to pay for board in a nice private family and not one dollar of which ever came into my hands, and you would not naturally suppose that I had gone into the editing of a Prohibition paper in this whisky soaked country for the purpose of making money.

Yet, under these circumstances, though I have a good number of papers going to Versailles, of all of you who read it only one man has paid me, and he paid me but one dollar. But as for this woman, "she hath done what she could," and that was to pay me the first ten dollars that I received for a share of stock; then two dollars more when she received the first number of the paper, and writes letters of encouragement to me and my wife in our most discouraging hours, and writes pieces for the paper full of brains and heart.

And yet the chivalry and Christianity of the church to which I preached at Versailles will grant the right of suffrage to that 250 pound tub of g-ts and withhold it from such a woman

Sensible to the Last.

Editor of The Blade:—The enclosed article was published in the Press some two years ago with a request that answers should be given, and as none were given I then sent them to the Transcript, of which no notice was taken, and having much confidence in the editor of the Gazette and rather a favorable opinion of the Leader I request their publication in each paper and explicit answers.

It is Said There Are Two Sides to Every Question.

Editor Lexington Press:—To give the opponents of Prohibition an opportunity to give their side of the question, answers are requested to the following interrogatories:

1. Is not the saloon regarded as a great evil and injurious to the prosperity and happiness of the people?

2. Is it morally wrong to sanction by law, any business that is injurious to public morals and general good of the people?

3. Are not all citizens guaranteed equal rights to engage in any lawful business? The above being true, is it right, by high license, to destroy that equality by creating a monopoly and thus prevent those not able to pay high license from engaging in a business considered lawful?

4. The advocates of high license claim that it makes the saloon more respectable, thereby lessening the evil and increasing the revenue for the support of the government.

5. Has not the power that has the right to lessen an evil the same power to destroy that evil?

6. Should not the government be supported by a tax on the property and not the business of the people when that business is destructive to life and the prosperity and happiness of the people?

7. As gambling houses and houses of prostitution are admitted to be evils would it be right to license such houses and thus make them more respectable and thereby lessen the evil?

The above questions remained unanswered for several weeks and I then sent them to our honorable representative in Congress, Col. Breckinridge, and I will next week publish our correspondence. I request persons to preserve this paper containing these questions.

Truly,
J. G. CHINN.

Rev. Dr. Frazer's Sermon at the Funeral of the Murdered Dr. B. P. Gorham.

The Blade hopes to print in its next issue the funeral sermon of Dr. B. P. Gorham, who was murdered by Democratic whisky. It touches upon points that the law makers of our country should regard.

Democratic Memories.

Some of these Democrats that live in the country are nice enough people, but they have such bad memories that it makes them appear to bad advantage, and people who do not understand this might suppose them to be telling that which is not true.

They can't recollect from one election to another.

Last summer, a few days after the August election, I was plowing in the smartweed—high enough to hide a yearling calf when the most influential Democrat in the diocese came along and got out of his buggy to have a good talk, while I sat on the plow beam. We were all fearfully wrought up over the way things had been managed out there; and the gentleman seemed to be just as much so as I was. There had been a split in the Democratic party, and the high-toned ones, who had absorbed a little of the circumambient Prohibition sentiment, had concluded to run independent candidates of a moral tone, against the regular old line nominees that believed in the good old way of rolling out the whisky when you want to carry an election.

The gentleman who stopped my plow had gotten a considerable infusion of Prohibition morals, and seemed to hate to appear to vote for a straight out whisky Democrat.

But this nice man who stopped me explained to me that owing to an unfortunate circumstance he had voted for the whisky man against the other man. He said he had gone to the polls early in the morning and had voted before the regular line Democrats had got to rolling out the whisky, and not knowing that they were going to do that, he had unwittingly voted for men who had brought whisky and made the negroes drunk, and he was so mortified that I felt sorry for him, and assured him that I appreciated just how it happened, and told him that under the circumstances it should not lessen my high appreciation of him.

He then added, with the peculiar slow, deliberative style that characterizes his remarks when he is in great earnest, "There's one thing I have made up my mind about, and that is that I am never going to vote early in the morning again. I am going to wait until late in the evening and see how the candidates have been conducting themselves, and then I am going to vote."

I got to the polls before anybody else, because I didn't live but three miles away and I just walked over while other people were getting their horses. The next man there was the one who as a candidate in August, had so offended the sense of propriety of the party allied to. The next man that came was the gentleman who was not going to vote early any more.

The first vote cast was by a gentleman who sat in his buggy outside because he was sick and he was waited upon first.

The next vote cast was by the gentleman who told me in August that he was not going to vote early any more.

It was true there was no appearance that the contest between the Democrats and the Prohibitionists would be close enough to induce the Democrats to use any whisky. But the good man voted the same ticket as the man whose use of whisky at the August election had given so much offense to the high-toned Democrats and both of them voted for Billy Breckinridge, who had distinguished himself by his support of the "original package" outrage, and against Ford, who was opposed to whisky.

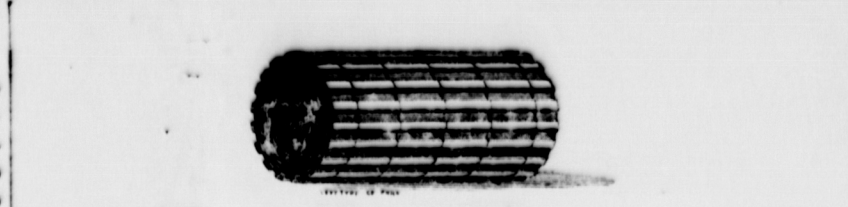
The phenomenal weakness of the memories of Democrats is one of the strongest features in the party. This disgust on the part of the more moral element of Democracy against the way elections are managed by the rulers in their party, occurs on an average of once a year, and the moral element among them swears off and is never going to do so any more; but the next time the election comes off they march up and vote the same old way and then make the same old complaint, and so it goes.

If we could just get up some kind of a scheme to educate Democratic memories, Prohibition would be all right.

To the Prohibitionists of Kentucky.

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 8, '90.

Since our appeal to you two weeks ago through THE BLADE, asking you to make such pledges to the State Committee as you felt justifiable in doing, and was your duty to do, only two have responded up to and including the date of this letter. That was W. D. Bryant and James M. Coyle, of Russell Cave, Ky. The amount of their subscription with a check for \$5, signed Chas. C. Moore, received yesterday, Nov. 7th. I regret having to come before the public in a second issue of this appeal to you. But in view of the position of the State Committee to National Committee, if for



Beatty Fence.

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord, 1890.

CHARLES C. MOORE,
Prohibitionist and Crank

other purpose than self-defence, it must be done.

There is not a man in Fayette County who makes any pretensions to Prohibition, who can not pay at least one dollar per month to the support of the committee, and many of them can do more. The thirteen of us who attended the Conference in Louisville, October 23d, raised about one half of the sum required, aside from the National Committee's pledge. So far as my books* shows we have pledged now amounting to \$47.20 per month. This amount having been donated by twenty-one men. Our time is limited, having promised Chairman Dickie that we would have a man in the field by December 1st, this is the 8th of November, and you can see the necessity of sending in your pledges at once. This is the first time that the State Committee of Kentucky has ever been offered aid from the National Committee, and is it your disposition to ignore their support? Indeed it seems so. You may differ with the Committee as to their plan of work; if you do, offer your objections at once and do not keep them in suspense waiting on you to help them.

Most of men say they are not able to give to every good organization. That may be true, but we are only asking you to give to one. Any institution that tends to the betterment of society it is your duty as citizens to maintain and protect; and as you love to dwell on the fact that the Prohibition party contains these elements in its organizations you should make some preparations for its advancement. This letter is not unlike others that have preceded it, full of errors, but it expresses what I mean and just what the occasion prompts me to say. Accept this as a hint that you are indebted to the committee a sum not less than fifty cents per month and not more than \$100 per month, and which sum suits your convenience the better to pay, do pay at once.

G. M. BROOKS,
116 E. Maxwell St.
Lexington, Ky.

GLORY HALLELUJAH!!!

Three-Fourths of the Farmers Alliance Men are for Prohibition.

Brethren of the Prohibition party and of the Farmers Alliance, I tell you we are on top yet. The Alliance Convention has not adjourned as I go to press and I can not give you the particulars, but THE BLADE next week will be chuck full of Prohibition and Alliance, yoked together, and we are going to get there.

The best men of the Alliance tell me that three-fourths of the men of their party are Prohibitionists, and their National lecturer Terrell made a speech that sounded just like George Bain was talking and such old Prohibits as W. W. Goddard and D. A. Curry, of Harrodsburg, were almost jolly enough to get drunk over it.

Reform at the Top.

If the liquor traffic is to go on debauching the masses till it shall have made them all either fools or fiends, the fortunes that are built on the crust above the volcano will be swallowed up by such an upheaval as will make the French revolution pale into insignificance. All who pray, all who preach, all who teach and all who care for temperance need to unite, heart and voice and influence, for a total abstinence revival which shall sweep through the palace as well as the cabin, and make possible the legislation we need, which is nothing less than the demand of our national Prohibition platform, "to prohibit the importation, exportation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage." If we are to suppress the saloon at the bottom, we need to smash the champagne bottle at the top.

All for Fun.

The liquor men spent \$1,000,000 in Pennsylvania to defeat Prohibition. This of course was all done for fun. No one would suppose that they were afraid of Prohibition, because it doesn't prohibit, you know. This money was paid mostly to Democratic and Republican newspapers, as much as \$4,000 being paid to a single daily to deceive its own subscribers.

Fact vs. Theory.

At Clarinda, Ia., under a \$500 license law, a tax of 1 per cent. was called for to pay the running expenses of the town, and at the end of the year the town was in debt. Under Prohibition a tax of 1 per cent. was paid, and at the end of the year there was a surplus in the treasury. One fact like the above is worth columns of theorizing.

JUDGES DISAGREE.

There is Not Unanimity on the Subject of the Original Package Trade.

Importers of original packages who have been counting on the recent decisions of Judges Foster and Phillips to open up their outlawed trade have reckoned without their host. Judge Shiras has made an important decision in the case of E. E. Speckler, of Coon Rapids, Ia., on a writ of habeas corpus. Speckler was convicted in the Carroll county district court of selling liquor in the original package subsequent to the passage of the Wilson bill, and was sentenced to serve a term of ten days in jail. It was shown that Speckler, acting as agent for an Omaha firm, had sold liquors in the original packages.

Judge Shiras held that in his opinion the points in the Topeka case were misstated by Judges Foster and Phillips; that no point was more definitely settled by the supreme court than the fact that a state had a right to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

The original package decision by that court didn't involve the validity of the Iowa law. The question simply arose as to the point at which the state had control of the liquors imported into it. An officer acting under authority of the Iowa law seized some liquor in the hands of the importer's agent and the United States supreme court held that the seizure was an interference with interstate commerce, a subject which the constitution delegates to congress alone. Then congress, in the exercise of this constitutional power, passed the Wilson bill.

The Wilson bill simply waives the right of congress in this matter, and gives the state full power over the liquor from the time it enters its territory. Therefore it is not necessary that the Wilson bill should work a revival of the Iowa law in order to make that law operative. It has been operative all the while. The only question was as to the point where the liquor became subject to the law, and the Wilson bill made it apply to all liquors within the state, whether imported or not. And that is all there is of the question.

In conclusion Judge Shiras said: "The Prohibition law of Iowa is in full and complete force today, and applies to every sale of liquor made within its purview, the decision of Judge Phillips to the contrary notwithstanding. The application for a writ in this case is discharged, and the defendant is continued in custody."

In the course of his remarks the judge said that this original package question and the constitutionality of the Wilson bill will eventually reach the United States supreme court, and he (Judge Shiras) did not care to take the responsibility of discharging prisoners convicted by the state courts when the highest court might decide that they were right fully held. He added that he understood Judge Caldwell was about to pass upon the question at Little Rock, and if that decision should be against the legality of the Kansas law he (Shiras) would have to bow to the wisdom of his superior.—Chicago Lever.

OUR POSITION ON SCHOOLS.

Down with the Little Red School House, Up with Big White Ones.

The following shows why the Prohibitionists are for the annihilation of the "little red school house," built from the impoverishment of our people, inadequate for the needs of our children and stained with the red blood of thousands of victims immolated on the altar of Bacchus, and in favor of large school houses, built from the free will offerings of a prosperous people and white as the purity of the children within. The Union Signal says:

A circular comes to our desk, apparently well authenticated, but of such a nature that we cannot help believing it a forgery. It is apparently a typewritten letter, on a sheet bearing the letter head of the "Board of Education, Omaha, Neb., C. F. Goodman, president; Charles Conover, secretary," and signed in autograph by Charles Conover. It is addressed to the school teachers and those interested in the public schools of Nebraska, and is an appeal to vote against the amendment, because Prohibition will decrease the wages of teachers, for the reason that the license money in that state goes into the school fund.

It sets forth that the cities of Nebraska would lose \$750,000 annual revenue by the adoption of the prohibitory amendment, and "the natural result would be that the salaries of teachers in our cities and towns would be reduced, and many of the best teachers would have to be dropped altogether." This is the legitimate outworking of turning license money into the school fund. As we showed, when the plan of applying receipts from internal revenue to education was proposed by Gen. Logan, it would bulwark the liquor power with the public school, and so make it impregnable.

Prohibition in Arkansas.

By ballot and petition the license of the liquor traffic has been wholly prohibited in forty-two of the seventy-five counties of Arkansas. In most of the thirty-three counties the liquor traffic is confined to comparatively few places, ordinarily to the cities and large towns. In twenty-five counties majorities were cast against license at the last election, and in many other counties the vote was very close, the total vote being reported as follows: For license, 94,344; against license, 68,035.

We think the total vote against license at the approaching election will be much larger than it was two years ago.—Arkansas Methodist.

RACKET STORE!

11 & 13 W. Main St.

The cool weather will soon be here. We are fixed for it with the largest stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

We have ever shown. Underwear for Men at 20, 25, 45, 48, up to \$1.24 each. Ladies Vests at 20, 25, 35, 45, 50, up to \$1.25 each. Children's Vests and Pants at all prices, from 8 cts. to \$1.00 each. Hosiery, all prices and grades. White Blankets, 75, 85, \$1.00, \$1.25, up to \$10.00 a pair. Bed Blankets, all wool, at \$2.50 pair. Full line of Comforts at lowest cash prices. Have just added a full line of Ladies' Black Dress Goods. Flannel and Cloth Cloaks. Infants and Children's Cloaks. "Nellie Bly" Caps at 50, 65, 85, to \$1.50. Belts, Girdles, Kid Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, &c. Clark's cotton, three spools for 10 cts; Sewing silk at four cents per spool; Needles and Pins at one cent paper.

J. D. PURCELL.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST FLOUR USE

Cream Extract.

BE SURE TO ORDER THAT BRAND MADE BY

Lexington Roller Mills Co.,

JOS. Le COMPTE, Sec't. & Manager.

Heating Stoves & Furnaces!

Acorn Hard Coal Base Heaters Are Always the Best.

CARBON FAVORITE, a new soft coal BASE HEATER

is a fine stove. Our stock must be seen to be appreciated.

"Economy" and "Tropic" Warm Air Furnaces

ARE THE BEST MADE

And sell rapidly. If you want a Warm Air Furnace, get the BEST of us. No charge for estimates. Our stock is complete in all departments, and we sell as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call.

Respectfully,

VANCE & FEENEY,

20 WEST MAIN STREET.

POPULAR RESTAURANT

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

NOW BEING RE-FURNISHED.

The Phoenix Hotel Restaurant.

Shell Oysters, Game and Everything in Season.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Best in Lexington. J. H. DAVIDSON, Prop'r.

KIDD & GRAVES,

DEALERS IN

Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware

CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION,

MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING;

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chain, Belling,

Pumps, Churns, Scales, Coal Vases and Bedic Fire Irons,

Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods, Barbed and

and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.

56 & 58 E. Main St. Telephone 184.

COME AND SEE

OVERSTREET & WILSON'S

ELEGANT

New Drug Store,

No 15 NORTHERN BANK BLOCK, SHORT ST.,

Where Only First-Class Goods will be Sold in Every

Department, at LOWEST PRICES.

PRUDEN'S

Marble and Granite Works,

44 W. Main St., near Broadway.

LEXINGTON. KENTUCKY.

CEMETERY WORK OF ALL KINDS

Neatly Executed.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

I Want to Get in a Lunatic Asylum, Or a Penitentiary. Or Something.

The Nicholasville Democrat is the only paper around these diggins except the Blade, that has got out of the old ruts of journalism far enough to do its own thinking, instead of letting somebody else think for it.

It says what it thinks, and thinks what it pleases. And when it comes to religion, Great Caesar! and Holy Moses!!

If they would get a few copies of that paper scattered around among the pious brethren of this city, I would look so sanctified, in comparison with that fellow and his sheet, that they would want to make a Sunday School Superintendent of me right away.

You may know he is bad medicine when I had to call a halt on him about that piece he wrote against letting the preachers be legislators. You recollect, two or three issues ago.

I play the same racket with Pilcher—I am afraid to call him "Brother," in print—that these Lexington editors do when they sympathized with the bereaved family whose son they have got into an inebriate asylum, or a lunatic asylum, or the penitentiary, or his grave, or in hell—if there is any such place—and privately pat the saloon keeper on the back, and tell him to do it again, that it's a good joke etc., etc., and makes papers sell.

I write old Pilcher private letters and tell him to do it again; but you better bet your bottom shiner that I am not going to back him in my newspaper.

No, I am not quite solid enough with the preaching brethren for that racket yet. I may get them educated up to it yet.

It's a little noticeable that, being a Democrat, these saintly Lexington editors don't call a halt on Pilcher's theological views.

I dare him to turn Prohibitionist, and talk that kind of preaching. He gives me lots of taffy in his paper—by the column at a time—poetry and prose, and of course my vanity would make me want to print it; I give you a little sample elsewhere. "But who in the thunder can do any good with a blasted old weekly paper? Raise me \$5,000 and I will clean the state of Democracy in two years. I am a farmer, and the Farmers' Alliance and I are as thick as any other thieves, and I can work a combine between them and Prohibition that will knock the persimmon in two years. They will be a double team, working tandem, with Prohibition in the lead, and Hibler would give a thousand dollars if he hadn't a few the track and gone back to the Democrats and the Demijohns.

Old Brother Goddard writes that he is afraid I soaked it to Hibler rather rough; but I have not heard of a Lexington Prohibitionist that has shed a tear over it, and some of the rascals laughed like the dickens. I feel sorry for Hibler, now that I have gone and done it. He's between hawk and buzzard. Judge Mulligan would not touch him politically with a ten foot pole, and the BLADE is going to see that he don't get back among the Prohibitors; and if he wants to join anything he will have to go in the Shakers, or the Republicans, or the Mormons, or some of those outside institutions.

No, Brother Goddard, bless your sweet life; you are one of these beautiful characters that "believe all things, hope all things, endure all things," and old Tolstoy and I have a model born over yonder in Syria, a couple of thousand years or so ago, that we going to try to work up to, and get where you are to.

I'll bet buttermilk that if a dog were to bite you, you would rather give him a bone to gnaw on to keep him from doing it again, than to kick him.

Hibler would look mighty nice to a man who was looking at him from Harrodsburg to Lexington; but he's one of these cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view." The further of you get him the better he looks.

I think if he were on the other side of the ocean, and had no chance to get back but to swim across on a rail, I would like him too.

I think the sentiment among the Prohibitors here is that I got away with Hibler just in time to keep him from getting away with us.

They tell now that he said after poor dear dead Brother Fisk, and Brooks, got so left in the snags, that "Democracy was good enough for him," and that Prohibition would never get there handicapped by women suffrage, and all that racket Damon got off on us at Louisville. They say that speech of his, where he flattened me out in

the Court House until I felt myself looking like a sick kitten, that the willipus wallipus had run over, was a sort of a spring board, so to speak that he was using for a regular seven elephant political summer-sault, and that he actually voted the Democratic ticket last Tuesday, but it never leaked out until I had got in my work on him, and the wind was all out of his sails, the bladder that he was saving for Christmas was prematurely busted, and the saw dust all knocked out of his doll baby, before the public, now for the first time, hears the announcement that was intended to shake Prohibition to its center.

In hard earnest I do not want to do the gentleman an injustice, but I can simply say that I have been informed by somebody whose name I have forgotten, and who will please tell me again, that one of the officers of the late election here that I personally know to be a good man, and a number of Mr. Hibler's own church, said that Mr. H. voted for the Democrats.

Of course, so far as I am personally concerned, I ought to feel sorry, and do feel sorry, for any man who would get himself in such a fix that he would have to go back to the ring Democrats of this town after having been allowed to associate with Prohibitionist. But I think the party can afford to immolate Hibler on the altar of political sincerity.

Even the little sand-papery that the BLADE has given Brother Hibler—I am going to call him Brother now that we have got him down, one of the "forlorn and shipwrecked brothers" that Longfellow talks about—I say that even this little Turkish bath and subsequent scrubbing with a new paving brick that Brother Hibler has got, will make the next Prohib that wants to go back to the Democrats "go slow," as Colonel Crockett advised, and go just as easy as he possibly can. But I have got clear away from my text.

I started to say that the Nicholasville Democrat has a column or so complimentary of me to the effect that so humble an individual as I am, has engaged the attention of that conclave of Democratic Solons known as the "Con-Con," whose deliberations will go echoing down through the corridors of time in a kind of historic symphony with those of Nice, Laodicea, Ghent, Utrecht and Tilsit.

As an advertisement of the BLADE it gets away with that one of Brother Kaufman, in this paper, of the fellow that has a bundle of rye around him.

They say that Proctor Knott's speech about something—I forget what, though I heard some one mention it at the time—that occupied a little over two days of the "Con-Con's" deliberations, cost the State \$2,200; that is a little over \$1,000 a day.

Supposing this puff or "local notice" that they gave me to have occupied a day and a half, it would have cost the State a little over \$1,500.

Now, while as a tax-payer I would be inclined to kick against the appropriation for an individual benefit, of course I must gratefully appreciate the advantage done me as an editor.

But, fellow citizens, if there is any virtue I claim, it is that I will tell the truth without stopping to think what in the thunder comes of it, and I hereby stake my reputation for any thing that I may have obtained in that department upon my sworn statement, on the dictionary, that neither by offer of money or promise of political preferment under the Prohibition administration of '92, have I induced these gentlemen to act in my interest.

It seems to have been actuated solely by a general salubrity, or as Jim Mulligan would call it, a sentiment of congruiality, that would naturally be supposed to exist between a deliberative body and myself.

The Nicholasville Democrat says the scheme alluded to originated among Lexington Democratic politicians. If I understand it from the Democrat's editorial remarks and extracts from speeches that it gives, it is intended to afford protection to Prohibition editors against Democratic thugs. The plan is to afford such Prohibition editors protection against parties who propose to "come around with a shot gun, and blow the head off" of a Prohibition editor, and blow his brains out, and paint the circumjacent part of the town red with his gore. By the way, it seems worthy of comment that when a Lexington Democratic Judge reflects upon the blowing off of the head of a Prohibition editor, there seems naturally to be suggested to him a consequent scattering of brains than it they

were going to blow the head off a clothing store dummy.

This plan for protecting Prohibition editors contemplates the putting them in lunatic asylums, or in the penitentiary; the fact of editing a Prohibition paper to be *prima facie* evidence of insanity, or of libel, as may be preferred by the parties to the "friendly suit."

The scheme strikes me most fearfully, and, especially if the Blade blooms out into a daily so that I can't go to the country Friday and let things cool off some by Monday before I come back. I hope stockholders in the Blade will do anything they honestly can to help the Con-Con to materialize the arrangement.

You see if they would put me in the Lunatic Asylum here, Superintendent Clark and I are solid, and he would give me one of the best rooms in the establishment, and I would get board and lodging for nothing, and run the Blade by telephone, and I would not be afraid of these blasted fellows that are "coming around with a shot gun."

Or if it appeared that I would not be safe in the Asylum I could get transferred to the penitentiary for libel, and I could mighty soon show the warden that he could make more money out of me by buying up a controlling interest of the stock of THE BLADE, and letting me run it, than he could make by putting me to bottoming chairs. I could get to be a "trustee" easy enough, but if I were fixed there as I would like to be, I am satisfied that the things that I would tell from my personal experience with Kentucky Democrats, gained when I was a reporter on a Democratic paper, would make it healthier for me to stay pretty close inside.

The public has made a great mistake in supposing that in that first issue of THE BLADE, that stirred things so, I got all the worst things I could find against these fellows.

One of my stockholders, Williamson, the lumberman, gave me fits about that first paper.

He came to me and said: "You have made one of the biggest mistakes of your life in firing all that off in the first issue. If you had taken three months to get up to what you said, by degrees, there would not have been a man in the town that would have kicked, and you would have said everything that you have said."

But, bless your sweet life, that's just what I thought I was doing. I thought I was starting at the bottom and going up "by degrees" most beautifully. The things that I mentioned I regarded as mere peccadilloes compared with the other things that I knew, that I was going to tell about Lexington politicians.

I was cutting bars at the time I concluded to start the THE BLADE again, and sat down on Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday and I wrote enough to fill THE BLADE chuck full for a month, so that I would not have to stop my bur job. I had these articles divided off for the different weeks so as I would have just to send them to the printers.

All of these weeks allowances had my ruminations on Lexington politics; my natural genius for expressing my views in English being greatly stimulated by my fresh recollections of the August election in Dog Fennel.

These reflections commenced very moderate, as it seemed to me, compared with how everybody out there was talking about Lexington politicians.

My idea was to let these articles rise in a sort of literary geometrical progression, until at the end of a month or two I could safely begin to tell what I knew and what I thought about it, as Williamson suggested.

But, Jerusalem! If those little Sunday School facts that I printed in the first issue had any lightning in them, some of those that I had written for the end of the first month would have laid it over anything that Charley Stoll's lightning factory, out North Broadway, can do.

But, when I saw how the little things I said in the first issue had taken, you better bet I burned up the balance of the month's supply.

I want to be willing to die, when the time comes, and I can't help it, but I am not hankering after martyrdom that bad.

You know that summer before last, or the summer before that, I forget which, was the worst blunder bee year that ever was in this country since Columbus discovered it. You remember that they caused the death of one of our most valuable citizens.

Well, the durned things made a pair of my mules run off and kick a brand new mower all to pieces, and run all the niggers out the meadow that I was paying a dollar and a half a day. It was hot as the mischief, and

NEW T STORE.



Teas, Coffees & Baking Powder

China, Glassware and Queensware

Given as Premiums to

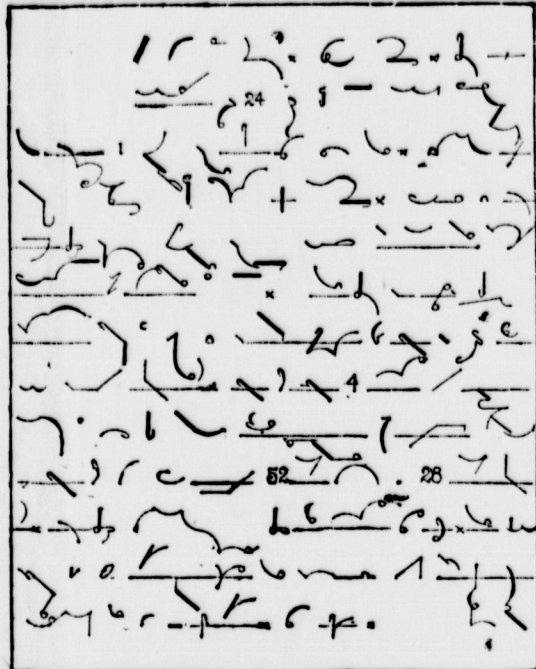
PURCHASERS.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

Great Atlantic Pacific Tea Co. 137 East Main St., Next to Post Office, Lexington.

C. S. BRENT. Grain, Seeds, Hemp and Wool. 22 & 24 SOUTH BROADWAY. LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Commercial Shorthand and Telegraph Department, STATE A. & M. COLLEGE. 135 & 137 E. Main St. LEXINGTON, KY.



C. C. CALHOUN, Principal.

THE PERFECT SURREY, Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies, Road Carts, Wagons of all kinds.

SOLD AT LOW PRICES BY— DeLONG & CO. DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE. GUNS, MANTLES, HARNESS.

And the Largest Improved Agricultural Implements.

HAY PRESSES DeLONG & Co. AGENTS FOR THE—

New All-Steel Frame McCormick Binder. The Unequaled Standard Mower. The Vandiver Corn Planter. The Malta and Ohio Corn Cultivators. The Best Chilled Plow—The Vulcan.

I didn't have on a stitch of clothes but a pair of cotton socks—I had thrown away my old shoes because they wore all the skin off my heels—and an old pair of cotton breeches, originally blue, that had been washed until they were white, and no thicker than a mosquito bar; a thin cotton shirt split down the back like a seven-year locust; a cotton hat that I gave a quarter for at Shaws, that I was wearing the second summer, that had been through seven hundred rains, and the stiffening was all washed out until you could stick it in your vest pocket, like your summer girl's Cape May bathing suit; and my hair was cut fighting fashion with a lawn mower.

In that way I got mad at them humblybees, and I took a brush and went for sixteen nests that averaged a thousand, in fifteen minutes.

The niggers had to hunt stumps and lay across them to laugh, and it was nip and tuck which was going to come out on top, me or the humblybees; but I downed them finally.

But I know where to draw the line, and I am not going to stir up these Lexington politicians again, unless I can stay in something a little more "rough" proof than a boarding house.

THE MILWARD CO., 8 and 10 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

MUSIC and ART DEALERS. Pianos, Organs, Etchings and Artistic Framing.

T. B. WOOD, 43 E. Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

DRUGGIST, 43 E. Main St., LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

NEW and original designs of Artistic Memorials, in Granite and Marble, workmanship and lowest consistent prices. We have the largest trade in Central Kentucky, and guarantee satisfaction. Write for prices and information before ordering any style of work.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

W. M. ADAMS & SON, 42 N. Broadway, LEXINGTON, KY.

HENRY VOGT

—DEALER IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

FRUITS POULTRY AND VEGETABLES.

Special attention paid to Country Produce. Telephone call 177

TERMS 30 DAYS.

Cor. Broadway and Short Sts.

CHINN, ROSS & TODD

ARE RECEIVING DAILY,

All the New and Nobby Styles

—IN—

Dress Goods and Notions.

CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

SHOES!

A FEW SPECIALTIES:

OUR CELEBRATED ENGLISH CRAIN WAIKENFAST \$2.00, \$2.50, wear like iron, keep the feet perfectly dry.

OUR KANGAROO, CALF AND HEAVY CALF SHOES are calf lined, have extra Tap Soles, \$4.00, make elegant shoes for heavy wear.

Our stock of Mens' Shoes is complete from the lightest to heaviest.

COME AND SEE OUR ASSORTMENT AND PRICES.

S. BASSETT & SONS, 20 EAST MAIN STREET

The Cheapest place in the City to Purchase

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES,

Pens, Paper and Stationery of All Kinds,

—IS AT—

EDGAR'S PHARMACY,

70 AND 72 EAST MAIN STREET

All Electric Cars Pass the Door.

T. G. CALVERT,

23 EAST MAIN,

Has received the largest and most Complete Stock ever brought to Lexington,

WATCHES, - DIAMONDS,

Solid Silver Plated Ware, French & American Clocks, Bronzes & Fancy Goods,

Sole Agent for the celebrated Agasiz Timing Watch, Diamond setting a specialty. Fine Timing Watches repaired and warranted.

FINE TAILORING

FALL 1890.

We have just opened and are now displaying the handsomest line of Foreign

Piece Goods we have ever shown.

We have greatly increased our facilities for fine work, and can show you as

handsome and stylish garments as any made in this country.

Look through our stock and place your orders early before the fall rush comes.

All work turned out promptly.

Wilson, Hunt and Co.,

WHITE HALL.

BAKER & BROS.,

No. 12 NORTH LIMESTONE ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done, and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAIZER CELEBRATED CARTS.

We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

BAKER and BROS.

DIVORCED.

Prosthetic dentistry, separated from operative dentistry.

They do not belong to each other and should not "keep company."

A Prosthetic Dentist is one who gives his whole time to artificial teeth, leaving the filling to be done by operative dentists.

I take all impressions, and do all work, myself, thus avoiding all risk. My charges will be as light as I can afford to make them.

Months differ more than do faces—no two being alike, therefore, no fixed price can be given, (until after an examination).

Teeth made on any material which patients may prefer. I did all the plate-work, for the late Dr. S. Driggs, during a period of twelve years. I did all of Dr. R. J. Porre's work, whilst he was in Lexington, and have made thousands of sets of teeth, for other dentists.

Confining myself, exclusively, to the prosthetic branch of dentistry, I will, of course, do superior work.

Cleaning, extracting, and straightening teeth, are included in my specialty. No charge for "misfits". Office and laboratory in

Johns Building, directly over Mrs. Semons' "Manicure Parlors".

Entrance on Walnut Street, opposite Government Building.

F. B. BOSWORTH.